

OUR SPECIAL BEAUTY NUMBER TO-MORROW

# The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES ALSO SEES LONDON'S "BYWAYS"



With the Duchess of Marlborough.



Followed by an excited crowd of children. The news of his coming spread like lightning.



The visit being private there was no one in the street—at first, but he was soon surrounded.

The Prince of Wales likes to see things for himself. His mother said she was only taken into the highways, so went herself into the byways and saw the poorest homes in Bethnal Green. The Prince, however, selected the Tabard-street area, made famous by Chaucer,



Shaking hands with Private Lewis.

but now as unsalubrious a neighbourhood as can be imagined. The Duchess of Marlborough, I.C.C., took him from house to house, and he chatted amiably with the inhabitants and heard how Private Lewis fought on the Somme.



# CARLETON DRUG MYSTERY.

"Heroin a New Phase in Drug-Taking."

BELCHER IN THE BOX.

New Disclosures in Old Bailey Trial of De Veuille.

The trial of the Reginald de Veuille, dress designer, for the manslaughter of Billie Carleton, the actress, was resumed at the Old Bailey yesterday.

The hearing was adjourned until to-day. Mr. Huntly Jenkins began his cross-examination of Dr. Stuart, the friend and the medical attendant of Miss Carleton.

Dr. Stuart said that he discovered last year that the dead woman took heroin. [It has also been stated that Dr. Stuart tried to cure Miss Carleton of opium taking.]

Dr. Stuart said heroin was quite a new narcotic—a new phase in drug-taking. He had prescribed morphia for Miss Carleton and also trional. He did not know that she took veronal as a habit, but Dr. Collyer once prescribed her 24 grains of veronal.

The trional was prescribed because at times Miss Carleton suffered badly from insomnia. Dr. Stuart said he was half an hour at the flat before he saw the box of trional lying on the sideboard of the sitting room.

Counsel: Why did you put the box in your pocket before leaving the flat?

Dr. Stuart: Well, I had arranged to come back to meet Mr. Huntly Jenkins. He went to the police station. People distracted with grief in the room should not have such a thing as trional left in their way.

Counsel: Was not the right procedure to leave the room as it was until the police arrived?—It did not strike me as a wise thing to leave drugs about.

## BELCHER'S STORY

Lionel Belcher, the cinema actor, retold his story of obtaining cocaine for De Veuille.

Sometimes, said Belcher, he had handed the cocaine to De Veuille, and other times to the servant, McGinty, outside the Cafe Royal.

De Veuille, said witness, was very anxious to get a supply of cocaine. On the night of the night before, and for which he was paid a £5 note. Witness said De Veuille had cocaine at the Albert Hall on the night of the Victory Ball.

After he heard of the tragedy he went to his solicitor, and they afterwards called on De Veuille. The prisoner said he should say nothing, and advised the witness to do the same. De Veuille said on that occasion: "Miss Longfellow is the only one who has seen me give cocaine to Billie."

Counsel: You knew that you were doing wrong in buying cocaine. Is that what you were doing wrong?

But I did not think it was so grave as all that. When you heard of the death of Billie Carleton you knew that you were in a pretty tight corner?—Yes.

You saw a chance of being put in the dock?—It was certainly black.

Belcher admitted that he had sold cocaine to De Veuille at a profit of 100 per cent.

Miss Olive Richardson, who had described herself as an actress, and lives with Belcher, said she had once seen Miss Carleton take cocaine at De Veuille's flat. She had often seen De Veuille take the drug.

Replying to counsel, witness admitted having taken cocaine, heroin and opium.

Mr. G. R. Cran, a solicitor, manager of the film company by whom Lionel Belcher was employed, gave evidence of an interview with De Veuille in which the prisoner said: "No one ever saw me give cocaine to Miss Carleton except Malvina Longfellow."

## COUNSEL AND DETECTIVE.

Detective-Inspector Curry, of Scotland Yard, who gave evidence, was asked by Mr. Huntly Jenkins about the second charge of conspiracy against De Veuille, but Sir Richard Muir objected.

Mr. Huntly Jenkins: I am putting that question because I suggest that the Crown's medical evidence, having let them down very badly, they made an entirely fresh charge against this man. I suppose it was made because they thought they were bound to fail on the original charge.

The Judge decided to allow the question. Mr. Huntly Jenkins asked witness whether the charge of conspiracy was not made after the whole of the evidence for the prosecution had been given and the doctors cross-examined.—Yes.

Counsel: Were you responsible for making that charge?—No; the Director of Public Prosecutions.

At this point the Court adjourned until to-day.

## PEER'S SON MARRIED.

Peach Blossoms at Ex-Munition Worker's Wedding.

St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, was aglow yesterday with peach-blossoms. This was the decorative colour scheme which Miss Jean Kinloch had chosen for her eight bridesmaids when she married Lord Granville's son, Captain the Hon. R. Norton.

Miss Jean Kinloch, who is the eldest daughter of Brigadier-General Sir David and Lady Kinloch, worked in a munition factory.

[Photographs, pages 8 and 9.]



Mr. Devlin. Sir E. Carson. Who both spoke in the Irish debate.

## AN IRISH NIGHT.

Mr. Devlin Calls Sir E. Carson "Vocal Rip Van Winkle."

LORD H. CECIL'S REJOINDER.

There was an Irish night in the Commons last night over a Vote of nearly £50,000 for salaries and expenses of the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor led the way. Here are points from his speech:—

The Irish question was a serious and far-reaching one.

There was an eager and passionate desire that the question should be settled.

Parliament was disposed to let things drift towards an abyss of chaos until they had in Ireland in a wilder degree that which had brought some of the countries of Europe to their present position.

There was in Ireland and in the United States, and in our own Dominions a stronger anti-English feeling than he had ever known. The feeling in America was approaching almost to insanity in its rage and violence.

Sir E. Carson: Should Ulster be handed over to men who, in the darkest hour of the country's need, shot down soldiers in the street?

He begged them all to devote themselves with the new Irish Secretary to remedy the shortcomings of Irish administration. Education in Ireland was disgraceful.

The war had knocked a lot of politics out of him.

Sir Edward discussed at length Ireland's backwardness in housing and other directions.

Mr. Devlin at once dubbed Sir Edward the vocal Rip Van Winkle of British politics. He had been the master of the situation and of successful Ministers.

Why had he been asleep so long? Nobody had ever made so sweeping an indictment of English rule in Ireland or chanted so long a Lullaby of Irish grievances.

Lord Hugh Cecil, in reply to Mr. Devlin, who asked if he approved sending the Irish question to the Peace Conference, said, amid laughter, he did not think it would be very judicious from the point of view of the Peace Conference.

## TAXICAB CHASE.

Policeman's Dash After Thief from Station to Station.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday.

The story of an exciting dash by a policeman in a taxi after a young thief, who also took a taxi, was related at Birkenhead to-day, when William George Duncan, aged nineteen, was charged with stealing £8 2s. 6d. and a cheque belonging to Mrs. Graham, of Hoylake, and also with obtaining two sums of 10s. from Hoylake residents.

Pleading that he had a mother, six sisters and a younger brother to keep, Duncan was bound over.

Representing that he was collecting money on behalf of the Boy Scouts' Association, Duncan, it was stated, visited Mrs. Graham. After he had gone she missed notes and a postal order.

P.C. Francis went to the railway station, where he learned that the youth had hired a taxi. He followed the taxi and it went to a waiting-room, where he arrested prisoner in the ladies' station.

## DEAD LOVER'S RIBBONS.

Nurse Fined for Wearing Them with Her Own War Medals.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Thursday.

Dressed in the uniform of a nurse, Helen Sinclair was charged here to-day with wearing three military decorations to which she was not entitled, namely, the King's and Queen's South African and the Mons ribbon.

The accused's solicitor said Miss Sinclair had served in Mrs. Harley's hospital in France for a year and nine months, and had been at Mons. The decorations in question were the property of a gentleman to whom she had been engaged to be married, and who was killed in France. She had been awarded several medals, and these she wore with her dead lover's decorations.

The magistrate said under the circumstances he would not send accused to prison, but would fine her £5.

## MOTHER OF HEROES.

"Proud Woman To Have Two V.C. Sons." Said the King.

THREE BRAVE SONS DEAD.

"Pride is keeping me up, and the knowledge that my sons were loved by their men," said Mrs. Bradford, of Darlington, to The Daily Mirror yesterday as she left Buckingham Palace. She is the mother of four sons, three of whom have given their lives for their country.

The V.C., which Mrs. Bradford proudly showed to her two sisters who were with her, was the award conferred upon Lieutenant Commander G. E. Bradford, R.N., who without a moment's hesitation went to certain death in placing a parapet anchor in position on the mole.

Brigadier-General R. B. Bradford, V.C., D.S.O., of the Durham Light Infantry, who was killed on November 30, 1917, was only twenty-five years of age, and was the youngest brigadier-general in the Army, while his brother, Lieutenant James B. Bradford, M.C., was killed in May, 1917, at the age of twenty-six.

The eldest and sole surviving son is Captain T. A. Bradford, D.S.O.

Mrs. Bradford said that the King remembered decorating her other sons, and in expressing sympathy with her, said she must be a proud woman to have had two sons who had won the V.C.

A touching incident occurred when a young man wearing a silver badge and a regimental tie broke through the crowd, and after gazing at the V.C. in its leather case introduced himself to Mrs. Bradford as one of the men who served under Brigadier-General R. B. Bradford.

"I am proud to meet you," said Mrs. Bradford, heartily shaking his hand, and the young man spoke affectionately of his dead chief.

[Photograph on page 16.]

## INDUSTRIAL PARLEY.

Miners and Transport Workers Not to Take Part.

Two of the branches of the Triple Industrial Alliance—the miners and the transport workers—have decided not to take part in the National Industrial Conference to-day.

No notification has been received officially of this decision which has been arrived at by the executives of the two organisations.

Mr. C. T. Cramp, president of the National Union of Railwaymen, stated last evening that the N.U.R. had decided to keep in touch with the Conference proceedings, and would be represented to-day.

The Triple Alliance has left it to its three component bodies to act independently in regard to the Conference.

## LADY WYNDHAM RETURNS.

An Amusing Super-Shopwalker Comedy at the Criterion.

It was delightful to welcome Miss Mary Moore (Lady Wyndham) back to the stage, and particularly delightful to see her in her old home at the Criterion last night.

The occasion was the production of a very light comedy by Miss Gladys Unger called "Our Mr. Hepplewhite."

It is a comedy of obvious situations and obvious dialogue. Nevertheless, the situations have been handled and the dialogue is often amusing.

Miss Moore plays the ingenious but impetuous mother, Lady Bayley, of the Hon. Jane Bayley, who thinks she has fallen in love with a suitor who is a fraud.

Throughout Miss Moore shows that she has lost none of her sense of comedy nor her impetuous charm of personality.

Other admirable performances were given by Mr. Arthur Wontner and Miss Kate Cutler, who was a sheer joy and delight as Lady Bayley's sister.

## BABY SAVED FROM GAOL.

Police Court Drama—"I Don't Want Your Money."

From Our Own Correspondent.

BIRMINGHAM, Thursday.

"The boy I was residing with would not work: I was practically starving," said Evelyn Cater, twenty-one, charged at the police court here to-day with stealing fifteen £1 Treasury notes.

Addressing the man referred to, Isaac Levy, the Chairman said: "I think you ought to be in the dock at the same time."

Levy: She told me the money was given to her by wealthy friends, and I believed her.

The Chairman: It is very suspicious. You are the cause of this. You ought to be punished.

Sentence: The girl to three months' imprisonment, the Chairman said: "You are better away from this young man. I hope you will break off relationship with him."

Accused's father said she had been led astray by Levy.

A woman in court said she did not like the thought of the baby going to gaol, and offered to take care of it without payment.

Levy: I will give 10s. a week for the baby's keep.

The Prospective Foster-Mother: I don't want your money.

The baby was entrusted to her.

## "THE PRINCE HAS COME TO SEE YOU!"

Royal Visitor to Cottage in Southwark.

SOLDIER AND BABY.

The Prince of Wales yesterday motored to Southwark from the West-End of London for the purpose of viewing the housing problem from a familiar aspect.

He was received at St. George's Church by the Duchess of Marlborough—L.C.C. member for the district—the Mayor of Southwark and others.

The Prince, who wore civilian attire, was accompanied by Lord Claud Hamilton.

The party proceeded first to Chapel-place, Long-lane.

In the first house entered by H.R.H. it was explained that the drainage was deplorable.

"Oh," promptly retorted the Prince's temporary hostess, "it is the rats which trouble us most."

"May I come in?" politely asked the Prince. "Oh, yes, you can come in if you like," replied the lady.

He went in and found a man busy at work. The household, seeing the Prince looking at the man, explained that he was trying to stop up a large rat hole.

The Duchess of Marlborough explained that the whole of that part of the district, it was hoped, was going to be pulled down.

The Prince politely raised his hat to his hostess and thanked her for allowing him to look at her house.

Tabad-street was next visited, and here the Prince entered a small shop where Mr. W. G. Wade carries on the business of wood, hoop and timber merchant. Part of Tabad-street, it was explained, is being pulled down to be rebuilt for commercial purposes. Word was speedily passed along that the Prince was about, and a considerable crowd of women, with their sleeves tucked up above their elbows, appeared on the scene.

Hereabouts a soldier playing nursemaid was noticed by the Prince, and to the surprise of the man, who was unable to salute in consequence of both arms being encumbered with the long clothes baby, which he appeared fearful of dropping, his Royal Highness walked up to him, and soldier, baby and Prince entered a little private conversation—at least, the soldier and the Prince did. The baby will know all about it in years to come.

## "SO HOMELY AND NICE."

What the Prince Said When Told There Were No Bathrooms.

At Chancer-buildings, in Tabad-street, the Prince made a lengthy stay in two of the tenements.

"He fair took me by surprise," said Mrs. Trodd, of No. 88. "My niece came running in and said: 'The Prince of Wales is at the door. I said: 'Get out of it!' but she was right. In he came to the kitchen, where I was making a jam tart on the table. I said: 'I'm in a bit of a muddle, sir, but I can do a little private conversation—at least, the soldier and the Prince did. The baby will know all about it in years to come.'"

"He looked in all the three rooms, and asked where was I put. He said: 'I was a pity I had to keep the piano in the kitchen. I said there was nowhere else to put it.'"

"When I told him there was no bathroom he asked how my girls managed. I told him I had to heat the water in the copper and they had their bath in the bedroom. He shook his head and said: 'That won't do. I shall have to look into that!'"

I never thought I should have the privilege of shaking hands with the Prince of Wales," concluded Mrs. Trodd, "but I wasn't a bit nervous. He was so homely and nice."

At No. 82, where Mrs. Ballam has a two-roomed tenement, the Prince expressed the opinion that the accommodation was very inadequate for 7s. 6d. a week. Noticing a khaki coat on the bed, the Prince asked Mrs. Ballam if she had a soldier's son just home.

"No, sir," she replied, "that is my husband's coat. He only came back last night. He was very badly gassed at the front."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said the Prince. "I hope he is quite all again."

Just then the soldier-husband came in, and the Prince stood chatting with him for several minutes before leaving.

## WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

Sunshine records of health resorts yesterday included: Bournemouth, Worthing, Brighton, Scilly Isles, Littlehampton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Walton-on-Naze, Clacton, nine hours; Newquay (Cornwall), Penzance, Falmouth, Ramsgate, Margate, Southport, Felixstowe, eight hours; Torquay, seven hours.

## OUT TO-MORROW

"The Daily Mirror" Special Enlarged BEAUTY NUMBER. Photographs of the Four Chief PRIZE WINNERS, and Names of all the Winners.

20 Pages.

Order To-day.



# OUR TROOPS IN PERIL IN RUSSIA MORE TO BE SENT

## FOCH'S NEWS MAKES ERZBERGER SAD.

Deeply Moved After He Learned Decisions.

### DRAMA OF TRAINS.

PARIS, Thursday.

According to a telegram from Spa, Marshal Foch arrived there at 8.20 this morning and sent word immediately to Herr Erzberger that he would hold the first conversation with him in his railway coach at 9.30.

The conference, which began at the appointed hour, in the presence of General Weygand and a French interpreter, lasted forty minutes.

Marshal Foch stated the decisions arrived at by the Entente, after which Herr Erzberger hurriedly returned to his train, which was opposite the Marshal's train, evidently deeply moved. After a conference lasting an hour with General Hammerstein and his technical advisers, Herr Erzberger proceeded to the hotel where the members of the German Armistice Commission are staying.—Reuter.

## STORY OF DIFFERENCE ON REPARATION QUESTION.

"Premier and Clemenceau Not Able to Agree Upon It."

There was pessimism in Paris yesterday regarding the failure of the "Big Four" to agree on the Peace questions, says an Exchange Paris message, that still remain to be settled. The increasing seriousness of the situation in Germany added to the gloom.

There is talk in some high quarters, and it may be taken as general opinion, that it may be necessary to make peace on general lines, if that can be accomplished before there is a crisis in Germany.

It is regarded as most significant that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau are so far unable to agree as to reparation.

It is regarded as very probable that the Governments will communicate to Parliament the conditions to be imposed on Germany before Germany has accepted them.

M. Pichon believes that the Peace Treaty will be ready before Easter.

On the other hand, the Central News says substantial progress has been made by the Big Four in the adjustment of outstanding questions.

The Saar Valley question has, it is understood, been solved by constituting it a separate autonomous State, like Luxembourg, the coal being retained permanently to France.

Mr. Lloyd George yesterday had a breakfast with the Dominion and Indian representatives.

The *Echo de Paris* says the Big Four has decided that Germany must make an immediate payment of £240,000,000 in cash, together with various securities, the value of which will be increased by deliveries of raw materials and other goods. The gross total of immediate payment is put, at the highest estimate, at £1,200,000,000.

Meeting with Hun Experts.—M. de Lasteyrie and Counsel, members of the Financial Section of the Inter-Allied Supreme Council, on Wednesday had their first interview with the German financial delegates at the Chateau de Villette.

## THREAT OF NEW REVOLT IN GERMANY.

Spontacists May Proclaim Soviet Government Within Ten Days.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.

A telegram from Weimar to the *Politiken* says the general situation in Germany is critical, the country being threatened by a new Spartacist revolution, while dissatisfaction with the civil Socialist Government is growing.

In Spartacist circles it is expected that a new revolution will break out within the next ten days, and that a Communist Soviet Government will be proclaimed from Leipzig, where the Spartacist organisation is very strong.—Exchange.

More Stuttgart Fighting.—A further encounter has taken place in Stuttgart between demonstrators and troops, during which several persons were killed and wounded. The crowd tried to storm a military bread transport and to plunder it. They were driven off with the help of machine guns. Reinforcements have arrived.

Strikes Spreading.—Berlin is considering the question of declaring martial law throughout the whole mining district. Over 55,000 miners are on strike in the Ruhr region and the movement is spreading. Some 150,000 Berlin metal workers are idle. In Wurttemberg the general strike has extended, according to one report. Reuter says the Wurttemberg Government announce that the strike has collapsed.

## Expected Attempt by Bolshevists to Push Allied Armies Into the Sea.

"WE MUST AVOID A KUT OR A KHARTUM."

Grave news was received yesterday of the position of the British and Allied forces at Murmansk and Archangel.

The situation is in a certain degree similar to that at Kut. American troops have left for Murmansk, and a force of British troops is being prepared to follow them.

In the Archangel sector, where there are said to be 13,000 British troops, a determined push by the Bolshevists with the object of driving the Allies into the sea is expected during the next two months.

"We must avoid the possibility of another Khartum," said Sir Ernest Shackleton, who has returned from Northern Russia, in an interview.

## AMERICANS ON THEIR WAY TO MURMANSK.

Trusting General Ironside, the 6ft. Commander.

The *Daily Mirror* learns that the view is held in high military circles that the situation of the forces on the Murmansk coast [North Russia] is giving rise to considerable anxiety.

American reinforcements have already left and British troops are being got ready to follow.

As regards Archangel, we must expect during the next few months, whilst our troops are isolated by the ice, that the Bolshevists will make a determined effort to push them into the sea.

They have very superior forces, and they have the advantage owing to the fact that their part of the river has thawed before ours has.

Our troops are therefore likely to have a very hard time, and it is absolutely essential that they should be reinforced or relieved at the earliest possible moment.

It is pointed out that this operation is of far more importance from the Imperial point of view than was the operation which led to the attack to relieve Kut.

On the whole front there we have the equivalent of a British division, although there are, of course, Allied troops acting with them. We, however, greatly preponderate in numbers.

It is a British command, and it is considered that if the Bolshevists were in any way successful our prestige among the Turks and Germans would be very seriously affected.

The troops upon the Archangel front are under the command of General Ironside, who has the complete confidence of the higher authorities.

He has travelled all over the world, and is a man of the kitchen type, standing some 17st. He went through the German Herrero campaign as an ox-wagon driver.

The troops on the Murman coast are under the command of General Maynard.

General Ironside.

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### TRADE BAROMETER.

The Board of Trade's monthly returns show the following comparison of import and export trade of Great Britain, France and America:—

|               | 1918.          | 1917.         |
|---------------|----------------|---------------|
| Imports.      |                |               |
| Utd. Kingdom. | £1,288,383,000 | £994,487,000  |
| France.       | 736,591,000    | 1,192,162,000 |
| Utd. States.  | 631,622,000    | 615,097,000   |
| Exports.      |                |               |
| Utd. Kingdom. | £98,473,000    | £27,080,000   |
| France.       | 165,732,000    | 240,518,000   |
| Utd. States.  | 1,260,065,000  | 1,285,387,000 |

No return is being received from Germany, Austria, Belgium or Russia.

the advancing Hungarian Army any such movement.

From the position of the Allied Armies, it would be possible to cut the enemy's lines of communication with Budapest before he had penetrated beyond the line of the Upper Maros or had effected junction with the Bolshevists.

Reuter's Agency learns in authoritative military quarters that the garrison at Odessa has now been greatly strengthened and that the French commander is confident of his ability to hold the town against the Bolshevists.

A report received by the War Office from the forces operating in the Caucasus states that on January 23 the Caucasian Volunteer Army took the town of Vladikavkaz, and thus completed the final and entire defeat of the Bolshevist Army, which comprised 100,000 men.

50,000 PRISONERS.

Upwards of 50,000 prisoners were taken, besides 13 armoured trains and about 200 guns.

The entire territory of North Caucasus from the Black Sea shores to those of the Caspian Sea has been entirely cleared of Bolshevists.

"You are not a debating club, but a military organisation," says Trotsky to his followers, following the Russian Bolshevist Army's failure on the eastern front.—Wireless Press.

Three hundred Japanese, surrounded by 1,000 Bolshevists, drove back the enemy near Potikareo (Siberia), inflicting 250 casualties.

Bolshevist News.—According to messages sent out by the Russian Government (see Wireless Press), fighting is in progress in the Archangel region west of Obzorskaya.

WARNING NOTE TO ALLIES.

Sir E. Shackleton on Danger of Neglecting Northern Russia.

Asked in an interview as to the position of the northern Allied forces in view of the strengthened Bolshevist position, Sir Ernest Shackleton (who has just returned from Murmansk and Archangel) replied: "It is undoubtedly an anxious one, for the Bolshevists largely outnumber the Allies and are well equipped in every way except perhaps in food.

They are well organised, well led, and any statement that no more Allied troops will be sent to Northern Russia is simply manna for their propaganda.

They are not ignorant of the possibility of united rapine as if Archangel falls.

"Both the Murmansk and Archangel fronts are in danger,"—Reuter.

WORSE THAN HUN MILITARISM.

"Three months' campaign by a volunteer army would break the Bolshevist monster, which is becoming far worse than German militarism."

Speaking of fighting on February 13, Sir Ernest said the Allies fought for two days in a temperature 45 degs. below zero; the enemy positions were rushed in a blinding snowstorm after a sixty miles a day ride in that temperature, and the whole Bolshevist force was killed or captured.

"For the safety of our troops and the honour of our treaties immediate steps are necessary."

"Troops can reach Murmansk from England in less than a week."

## MORE ABOUT FATE OF TSAR AND FAMILY.

Terrible Stories of "Red Terror" in Russia.

### MANY BARBARITIES.

A ghastly picture of life under the Bolshevists is presented by a collection of reports from British official representatives in Russia, just issued by the War Cabinet.

They more than confirm the stories of the horror of the "Red" regime which have been published from time to time, and fully justify the declaration of the Netherlands Minister at Petrograd in September, 1918, in a statement on the situation in Russia.

I consider that the immediate suppression of Bolshevism is the greatest issue before the world, not even excluding the war, which is still raging.

"Do whatever you think fit," was the reply of Moscow to Ekaterinburg, when the local Soviet, realising that they would have to evacuate the town in face of the advance of the Czechs, asked what they should do with the Emperor.

A Soviet meeting was at once held—it was on July 16, 1918—that night the Tsar was shot by Lettish soldiers. No trace has ever been found of the body.

### EMPEROR AND CHILDREN BURNED

This report was sent by Mr. Preston, the British Consul at Ekaterinburg, who states that the other members of the Imperial Family were taken away to an unknown destination after this.

As to their subsequent fate, it is said that they were burnt alive, he adds, as various articles of jewellery have been identified as belonging to them, and their charred remains are said to have been found in a house burnt to the ground.

On the other hand, Sir C. Eliot, in a dispatch dated October 5, 1918, from Ekaterinburg, states that the murder of the ex-Tsar would appear to have taken place in a room of the house where the Imperial Family were interned, and that, according to the general opinion in Ekaterinburg, the Empress, her son and four daughters were removed to the north-west.

After, however, November 30, Sir C. Eliot transmits a report from Ekaterinburg that the officials there had come to the conclusion that the Empress and children were murdered at the same time as the Emperor.

The Grand Duchess Feodorovna, Princes John, Constantin and Ivor Constantinovitch and the Grand Duke Sergius Michaelovitch were massacred at Alapaevsk, where their corpses, suitably preserved, are to be recognised, were discovered on September 29, 1918.

TORTURE AND MUTILATION

According to a report wired from Omsk on February 5 last there was further evidence to show that the Emperor, the Empress, their children, their doctor and servants were all shot at the same time, and their bodies were thrown down the shaft of a mine, and that Alapaevsk murders mentioned above were ordered and carried out the same day.

The accounts of the fiendish atrocities carried out by Lenin and Trotsky's butchers are almost too terrible to reproduce.

Terrorism prevailed, as it prevails now, in every town in Russia, from the western border to the Urals and the Caspian. Instant death by shooting seems to seldom gratify the Bolshevist thirst for blood—slow torture and mutilation is their only satisfaction.

Tortures and mutilation performed on wounded Czechs who fell into the hands of the "Reds" baffles description, says a Red Cross doctor who was at Perm. Turkish ferocity in Armenia pales before the barbarous brutality of the Bolshevists.

Take the story of Perm alone—and it is the story of every town and district where the "Reds" secured domination—hundreds of innocent civilians were tortured to death; prisoners mutilated, and officers had their shoulder-straps nailed into their shoulders.

Czech soldiers who fell into their hands had their faces slashed, their eyes gouged out, their heads cut open, their tongues cut out, and other horrors were perpetrated.

Of their treatment of wounded we have a terrible story from Kieff. There the Bolshevists forced into the streets and shot wounded men, innocents' lives. At Rostoff, on the Don, there was slaughter of children, for whom the mayor and council offered their lives in vain.

### PHILIPPINES AND U.S.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.

The Philippine Mission to-day presented to Mr. Baker an appeal for the island's independence.—Central News.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

S.E. England: Wind light, variable or north-westerly; cloudy or dull generally; some slight rain in places. Continuing rather cold.





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# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1919.

## ASKING FOR THE MOON.

IT looks as though lots of members of the present House of Commons would soon be retiring therefrom, after lamentably short lives as legislators. The reason is that the poor things promised their constituents the moon. And now (through Mr. Bonar Law) the Government quite rightly and reasonably tells them that they cannot give the moon to their constituents.

The moon, in other words, that Aladdin's-lamp lump of gigantic gold, to be derived from Germany.

The case of the Arabian Nights members is sad. But isn't it a little unreasonable of them to blame the Government for the promises these ardent spirits made their own constituents?

You go to Little Muddleborough in a fever of revengeful patriotism and you say: "Elect me and I will give the collective head of the German people on a plate. The daughter of Herodias isn't in it with me. She did it by dancing. I shall do it by making speeches. I shall put pressure on the Government. Send me to Parliament and see."

Then sober reflection brings the conclusion that there's no way known (economically sound) of making the Hun pay—everything. Something by way of reparation for damage done—yes. But fantastic sums in non-existent gold and undesirable goods or unwanted slave labour? No. It can't be done.

At this, the dreamers are indignant. But they ought to be indignant, not with the Government, but with themselves.

They will have, no doubt, to retire. If they do, we hope their constituents may think better of it next time. We hope next time that they will return men sufficiently versed in astronomy not to ask for the moon, or men well enough instructed in economics not to clamour for what doesn't exist.

The House of Commons will be improved by the process.

## "JUST AND UNJUST."

IT is good to hear that General Smuts has gone to Hungary, to inquire into the "problems arising" there. By his speeches General Smuts has shown himself to be a true believer in the League of Nations, and in the hope of the new world.

May we predict that he will find the "problems arising" in Eastern Europe to be mainly occasioned by the Blockade? May we once more emphasise the point that one of the best ways to solve the problems would be by raising the Blockade?

To do so would be "good business," even for our indemnity-demanders, to begin with.

But the moral argument exists also. And it amounts to this—we are deliberately and continually condemning to semi-starvation and despair millions of people in all those Eastern lands. And (unfortunately) these people—the children, for example—are not the most guilty.

They were not those primarily responsible for the war, in each country. On the contrary, they have overturned and punished those they considered to be responsible. But, even if guilty, they have paid very much more heavily than the great who led them to ruin. Yet the great evade the Blockade. The humble suffer from it.

And, lastly, the trouble about the Blockade is that it descends, like rain, upon the just and unjust. The innocent perish with the guilty. In the Old Testament, the evil cities would have been spared had there been but ten just men in them. Shall we deny that there may be many more than ten of the just whom we are helping to destroy amongst the people of Eastern Europe?

W. M.

## "LETTER-SPINNERS": A NEW IDEA FOR ALL.

### HOW TO AVOID AMATEUR CORRESPONDENCE.

By BETTY WARD.  
(The well-known actress).

I HAVE noticed complaints in your columns that "the art of letter writing" has died out.

So it has. But why grouse about it? It is not a grievance. It is a joyful happening. A relief. A milestone on the road to progress.

We acknowledge this in our hearts. But not in print. Print is so conservative. And we ourselves are so inconsistent. In one breath we declare defiantly we loathe writing letters—there does not exist one person who has not said this—and inside the same full-stop we cuff our youngest for neglecting his weekly letter to his grandmamma.

Not that *that's* anything peculiar. Children are always being cuffed for not setting their parents an example. But we

And, mind you, mistakes will be rare. We love getting a provocative letter. A letter that commands a retort. Letter spinners will be adept in these because it makes work.

Theirs not to kill a correspondence. Theirs to make a postman groan.

And, of course, if Cousin Ada isn't hopelessly suburban and démodée she will employ a spinner too. So that the correspondence becomes an exciting duel between two highly-trained opponents, instead of a clumsy rough and tumble between you and Cousin Ada.

Very thrilling! And all you have to do is to open your letter every other morning. Breakfast a pleasure. And if in the end any mischief is made you dismiss your spinner. The blame is on her excess of zeal. In short, breakages come out of wages.

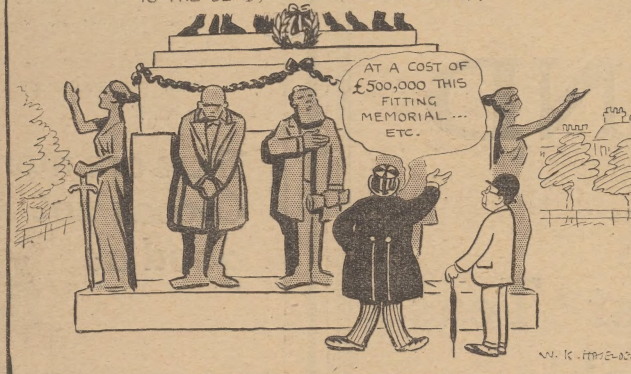
But we only advocate a spinner to ensure getting a spicy, exciting letter. We openly aver that in its amateur form letter-writing should be ruthlessly slashed. We don't enjoy

## WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.—No. 7.

WHY OFFICIALDOM SO LOVES THESE TWO WAYS OF EXPRESSING GRATITUDE TO THOSE WHO HAVE DESERVED WELL OF THEIR COUNTRY — TO THE LIVING, A BANQUET —



TO THE DEAD, A FEAST OF MASONRY!



The mania for useless monuments to the dead, whose families and survivors often lack means of subsistence.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

reproach, let us say, our friends untiringly. They should write four letters to our one.

It seems as if we wanted an unwilling gift. We know we hate doing it. Yet we both like getting letters. What is the solution?

Someone must write those letters we never get.

Not a secretary! Secretaries are hard, mechanical things. We always put typed, or artificial, letters into the w.p.b. Besides, secretaries have no imagination. They want to be dictated to, and your signature and a whole room to work in. You might as well do it yourself.

No, we want a public letter-spinner.

We don't grab the credit for this idea. It comes from the quarter whence come all anodynes for too much civilisation—from the East.

An artist whom we ring up, twice a week, say. We provide her—I am sure "it" will be feminine—with photographs of our correspondents, their children's names, and what they most dislike in us. Armed with these, and a diary of our doings, the highly-certified spinner gets to work.

getting inexpressive letters that tell us nothing and demand "all our news" in return. Better, far better, a bill.

There are still a few people who, while saying in public the correct thing, i.e., that they hate letter-writing, yet in secret are slaves to it in its lowest, or crossed, form!

Yes, these things can be.

Below the surface of propriety and convention these unfortunates indulge their vice. Only yesterday a woman told me that she dared not buy a book of stamps! If she did she was obliged to write letters to that extent ere the midnight post!

Pitiful, was it not?

In vain I pictured to her the pain of her friends on receiving yet another amateur letter needing an answer. How no affection can stand the strain of unskilled correspondence. The danger of signed statements. The paper shortage. Everything was urged to deter her. In reply she tried to buy another stamp from me!

This it is that has killed the art. The amateur has swamped the market. Let us, oh do let us substitute for the brutal old motto R.S.V.P. the merciful one of R.I.P.

## "INDEMNITIES."

### THE QUESTION OF GERMAN PAYMENT DEBATED BY OUR READERS.

#### CONTRADICTIONS.

IS Germany to "pay" us in raw materials? Obviously not. She is starved of the raw materials for her manufactured goods. Is she to "pay" us in manufactured goods? But that is just what our tariff and anti-dumping experts want us to prevent.

Is she to pay us in gold? Gold is good, but what amount of gold would ever meet Germany's indolence? Perhaps one of your readers will kindly enlighten my ignorance. P. R.

Hare-court, Temple, E.C.

#### SLAVE LABOUR?

THE Hun should pay to the uttermost farthing for the war he made. Let him pay by his labour drafted into the ruined countries. It should be his duty to repair them. C. L. E.

#### CATS OR BACHELORS?

MAY I, through the medium of your paper, point out that to tax cats would be far more to the point than taxing bachelors? Wherever I stay I generally find a cat, and am told the usual fairy tale that the cat is kept to keep mice away, with the result that the cat is out all night with its colleagues, making the night positively hideous—and the mice having high jinks somewhere in the vicinity of the wainscoting.

Our dogs are taxed, why not cats? A tax seems to ensure the animals being taken care of. If cats were taxed we should not, I feel sure, see the number of diseased, half-starved, appalling-looking cats about, carrying with them germs and disease to be carefully given to humans. B. D.

Clifton, Bristol.

#### THE BEST MONUMENT.

IT was rather selfish and conceited of our dear old poet friend Horatius Flaccus that, of his odes, he should write: "Exegi monumentum aere perennius," etc. (I have reared a monument more enduring than brass and loftier than the Pyramids' royal structure), yet Horace commanded a legion, and had done his bit of fighting in a war.

Let England cut down its brass and stone memorials to a minimum (our climate soon makes the former very unsightly), and, as the heroic dead would wish it, let better conditions obtain for the living; so "the living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day"—Isaiah's words shall get a new meaning.

Here are some betterments: Utter abolition of slums, better pensions for honour'd age, further encouragement of technical education, facilities for really clever youngsters to get to the universities, something that shall induce immense urban populations not to be so gregarious (what a health reform that would be!), the very utmost attention to the just incidence of taxation, etc.

Further, it would be of interest to know how many of our island young folk in their teens have not yet seen the sea! (Rev.) HUGH POWELL.

#### SHORTER LETTERS.

**Trying Customers.**—Certain customers in shops are certainly very trying. Is that any reason why certain shop assistants should be uniformly rude to all customers?—C. C.

**Women Better Workers?**—Great heavens! Have your correspondents who make this assertion ever worked in a business office and seen the typists making tea? There is only one thing women do better than men in offices. They make tea better.—BUSINESS MAN.

**Budget and Bachelors.**—It may be unjust to tax bachelors, but it is surely even more unjust to tax married men, which is practically what is done at present.—A MAN WITH A FAMILY.

**Plain Girls.**—"C. E. B." might like to found and run a Plain Girl Competition for you. The pictures won't be so nice, though! And I doubt if the competition will be so great either.—A "DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY COMPETITOR.

#### IN APRIL.

My heart shall turn to the hills  
On an April day.  
For joy of the daffodils  
And the primrose way.  
For joy of life from the shall rise  
Out of sad, dead things.  
As a lark that soars in the skies  
And in rapture sings.  
Far off on the wind-swept down  
Nest'd a crooked moon  
A bed of the mosses brown  
Will enfold me soon.  
And there from the sleeping vale  
For a dear delight  
I shall hear the enchanted tale  
Of the birds of night.

—MABEL LEIGH.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 3.—Now is the best time to sow hardy annuals in the open. Let the position be a sunny one, and it is important to wait until the soil is in a powdery condition. Rake the mould level and sow thinly, setting the seeds just under the surface.

Clarkia, annual larkspurs and chrysanthemums, candytuft, malope, lavatera, mignonette, godetia and nemophila are all delightful annuals for the garden.

Sow sweet peas this week in deeply dug ground. E. F. T.



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## WHY THERE ARE FEW GREAT ACTRESSES.

### APPRENTICESHIP SUGGESTED FOR STAGE ASPIRANTS.

By ETHEL ADRIAN ROSS.

The necessary qualifications for, and how they may be acquired by, girls on the stage.

FROM time to time we hear people say that we have no young actresses who are likely to develop into really great actresses, and that the English stage is suffering more and more from the lack of talent. But here they make a mistake. It is not so much talent that is lacking as the proper development of talent available.

People frequently go on the stage with no previous training. They expect to learn their business at the expense of the public. They have even been given important parts to play before they have learnt the groundwork of their art, and this is generally fatal as far as their future development is concerned.

If an inexperienced girl is given a considerable part and carefully coached for it, she may give quite a pleasing performance, and if the play is a success and runs for a year, she will repeat that performance for the period of the run.

#### £3 A WEEK OR TRAINING?

But unless she is intelligent enough to "study" other parts out of theatre hours under someone who knows how to train her, for take up fencing and dancing, even languages, and, above all, to develop her voice much as a singer does, she will not be very much further on in her art than she was when she started.

I think it will be found that very few young actresses adopt these methods, and perhaps that is the reason why so many of them appear for a time and then are heard of no more.

Managers boast of paying people who are absolute beginners salaries varying from £3 to £5 a week. I think it is a great mistake to do this, for everyone should serve a certain apprenticeship, whether it be in art or in any other sort of work.

If instead means were provided whereby these young aspirants could receive a sound, proper training in the various branches of their work when they were not employed in the theatre, really great work would be done for the Stage. It would cost more, possibly, but that would be no obstacle to those interested in the advancement of art.

There are three things absolutely necessary to the making of a great actress—temperament, magnetism, which goes hand-in-hand with personality, and intellect.

The last is no good without the other two, but it is very necessary, for to enter into the psychology of a part an actress must have brains.

A great many girls who go on the stage are singularly untrained and undeveloped in their minds. It stands to reason that unless they cultivate their minds they cannot get very far in their art. I think, too, that very few of them make a study of voice production, devoting an hour a day, say, to vocal exercises and to speaking passages out loud.

#### WORK TO PREVENT OVERCROWDING.

The stage seems to be the dumping ground for anyone who thinks she would like to go on and who has the luck to get an engagement, and these people block the way for those who are attacking it seriously as an art.

We have dramatic schools which train people for the stage, but after a pupil has left the school does she continue to work at home?

Many people cannot afford the fees; to them an apprenticeship at a good theatre would prove a boon, for I do not propose that these apprentices should pay large sums of money to the management. Only they will be required to show that they possess sufficient talent to warrant their training, that their attractions do not begin and end with a pretty face.

The provinces have been a great training school for many of our best actors and actresses, but London managements are shy of engaging provincial people, and certainly if they stay in the provinces too long they are seldom what is termed "London."

Perhaps if girls who want to go on the stage were really made to work there would not be quite such a rush into the dramatic profession.

Managers, on the other hand, would stand a much better chance of developing good and sometimes great actresses. It would take time, but then everything that is worth while does take time, and it would no longer be necessary to waste the time of the managers and experienced actors and actresses in long rehearsals necessary to teach beginners the elements of their business.

## DO WE MARRY TAXES—IN TAKING WIVES?

### "A WIFE SURELY IS A TAX"—MARRIED MAN.

By ELIZABETH WARD.

WHATSOEVER next?

We have been called a good many hard names, as well as pleasant ones, but I'm sure other wives, beside myself, will rise up and disclaim this last-thrown epithet.

A wife a Tax indeed!

It doesn't need the dictionary, with its definition of "tax" as a "burdensome duty," to teach me that every person in Christendom regards taxes with no kindly eye, and not one of us, let us desire the welfare of the State as much as we will, looks on taxes with affection.

Verily, for wives to be labelled thusly is the last straw, and I, an easy-going woman in ordinary times, feel like a small volcano.

If Mr. Married Man likes to consider that because he has married a wife he has an extra mouth to feed, an extra body to clothe, and house-room to provide, does he ever stop to consider the other side?

A woman who marries a man . . . because she loves him . . . gives up just as much as a bachelor when he married, and she gets . . . what, in return?

A Home, I at once hear Mr. Married Man retort.



LEAVING TILBURY.—Of the 800 passengers who embarked on the Benalla 500 were Australian soldiers with their British wives and children.

## THERE IS HAPPINESS FOR ALL—ALWAYS

### LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

By ALFRED BARNARD.

IT may seem an odd thing to say, but the only real way to be happy is to make up your mind to be thoroughly miserable.

When you get out of bed in the morning say to yourself:

"I am absolutely fed up. I hate the whole world. Nothing is any good. I hope everybody is drowned in soda-water. I am absolutely miserable, lonely and unhappy. I shall sit on the edge of the bed all day and refuse to stir out of my dejection. I hate people who are happy. I wouldn't be happy if my great-grandfather 'spoked' from out of nowhere and said, 'Cheer up, old dear, you'll soon be coming over.' I wouldn't."

But before you can deny yourself any further pleasures of life you may find your face slowly softening.

If you are sitting opposite the looking-glass watching yourself in your tantrums you will notice curious little pleats breaking over your face.

That will annoy you. You will seize the pillow and hurl it at the photograph of your Uncle John, whose family likeness to yourself aggravates you.

Then you will mutter: "Confound it!"—or words to that effect—and finally dash after your day's work.

Ten minutes of work will make you forget your resolution to be miserable, and you will find yourself being as happy as can be.

But even if you should be a super-man or woman and succeed in adhering to your determination, you will be perfectly happy at the end of the day because you have been successful in being miserable.

That is true, but it is a home she shares with the one who helps to provide it, and, although he may provide the wherewithal to keep it going, it is she, who, by exercise of much thought, contrivance and daily work on her part, which no mere man knows anything about, transforms the House into a Home.

Who sees that there is a fresh breakfast dish every morning lest Mr. Married Man should tire of everlasting bacon; who visits half a dozen shops to discover his pet make of marmalade; who sees that his clothes are brushed every day, buttons sewn on, pockets mended.

In nine cases out of ten the middle-class wife would gladly help augment her husband's income, but where there are children and multitudinous home duties this is not often possible, even when she can obtain the help of a servant or servants.

For there are a hundred and one things which have to be done which no servant, however good, will think of doing—little tasks which a wife does as a matter of course, and which few men ever notice, or if they do, accept them as a matter of course.

There are selfish, pleasure-loving women who become wives, just as there are selfish, pleasure-loving men who become husbands, but for the most part I do not believe there are many who, in their heart of hearts, will agree with Mr. Married Man and label wives as "taxes."

## IF "DEMOB" DREAMS CAME TRUE.

### END OF WAR PLANS THAT NEVER MATERIALISE.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

This article shows how hope deferred makes the heart sick.

DREAMS do not always come true; demobilisation dreams, for instance.

Most of us know those dreams. They began long, long ago, soon after the first novelty of Army life had begun to pall.

We all had our pet schemes, generally the fulfilment of a lifelong desire. We determined that in that eagerly-anticipated period between leaving the service and taking up again our old civilian jobs we would have one great and glorious burst at the expense of a grateful country.

There was one man I knew who had always wanted to go to the Scillies in daffodil time. He had never been able to take a holiday in the early spring, and he determined on Armistice Day that at last his chance had come.

Foolish soul! The gay daffodil and the wide-eyed narcissus have been painting "The Islands" in wide splashes of glorious colour for weeks past—but he has been back at work. He has yet to see the Scillies in daffodil time.

#### LEISURE FOR THE RICH.

There was another man. His dream of life for thirty years had been to go to Scotland for the opening of the salmon fishing season.

"I shall have a month's holiday and my gratuity," he said gleefully to me once, "and if I can get out early I can do it at last."

He did get out early, and he spent three weeks knocking about town, with a few days' golf—and he is back in a City office in a black coat.

There was the case I remember of a youngster who determined to spend his gratuity upon a motor-bicycle and side-car and have one idyllic fortnight careering about Great Britain before he returned to the dull routine of manufacturing life in Yorkshire.

He "careered" to Yorkshire in a crowded train last week.

I have known men who had determined to buy houses and furniture for newly married wives, to play golf at famous links, to spend days in London booksellers' shops in search of "first editions," to visit friends or places far distant, when they took their demobilisation holiday and received their gratuity.

Then there were the more careful men, those who planned to invest their gratuities in business. And there were the rich men who didn't care.

To us poor men, us dreamers, it was the fact of having a holiday and the money to pay for it at the same time that led our imaginations to run riot.

We were foolish, childish folk; we didn't know. Had we thought more of facts and dreamed less we might have guessed that there was a thorn with the rose. Leisure and money are for the rich.

Leisure we had if we wanted it money—money was due to us.

#### DREAMS DO NOT COME TRUE.

The great grim jest of it all is that we do not get our gratuities when we are demobilised.

When we go to see Mr. Cox or Mr. Holt, full of green papers, protection certificates and the joy of freedom, he does not smile paternally at us and thrust a wad of notes into our outstretched hands.

No; he tells us how to fill in the green forms and says he will write to us later.

"How much later?" we ask anxiously.

"About three weeks—or a month," he answers formally.

Then the dreams vanish.

It is just about three weeks or a month's holiday we had planned to take. The Governmental "tip" will arrive generally during our first week back at work.

No Scilly Islands, no salmon fishing, no motoring tours! Foolish dreamers!

And the tragedy of it all is that those of us who are not yet demobilised are still dreaming.

I met a man the other day who hopes to "get out" at the end of the month. He spoke with enthusiasm of his plan.

"I'm not going to do a stroke of work until I've had my holiday," he said. "As soon as I've bought some clothes I'm off in a trawler to Iceland. I've been planning to do that all my life."

I hadn't the heart to tell him the truth. Mr. Cox or Mr. Holt will do that.

The dreams do not come true, alas! but, after all, I suppose a severely material Government would tell us that it is all for the best. We save a lot of money.



# FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE AT SPORTS.



Coming through the fence. One of the formidable barriers in the obstacle race.



Vaulting in the sack race.



"Walking the per-lank."

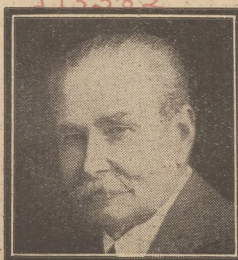
Bradfield College have just held their sports. The obstacle race was one of the principal events, and the fence looked as formidable as a Hindenburg line. But the runners scrambled through somehow.



**£50,000 AT STAKE.**—Trying to salvage the steamer Le Tour, which is aground near Swansea. The story goes that she was bought as a wreck for £2,000. If salvaged she will fetch £50,000.



**FOUGHT BOLSHIEVISTS.**—Capt. F. B. Parker, of Selby, who was killed in action on the Murman front last month. He joined up in 1914 and was twice wounded in France.



**X-RAY EXPERT.**—Sir J. M. Davidson, the Bonington expert and ophthalmic surgeon, who has died. He invented a precise method of localising foreign bodies in the eye.

## PRIZE FOR ORIGINALITY.



Miss Tydesley, who won the special prize given by Mrs. Neville Chamberlain for novelty and originality at the B.S.A. Victory Ball at Birmingham.

## OFFICER STRIPPED



An incident during the strikes in Berlin. Stripped him of all buttons and decorations. can happen in the old capital of Prussia.



Women waiting for supplies. For months they have borne starvation stoically. REVICTUALLING SERBIA.—Everything possible is being done to feed the starving.



**SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM.**—A Chinese nurse taking her little charge out for an airing in London yesterday. She prefers trousers to a skirt.

ATLANTIC Patrick looked pilot, w Atlant



# F HIS RIBBONS.



met an officer, tore his cap off his head, and rebbed him off under arrest. That such a thing how tightly the Bolshevik virus grips.

# TO AVOID CHANGING.



Women who do not want to change two or three times a day should note this dress, which was specially designed for their need. The toque is straw and satin.

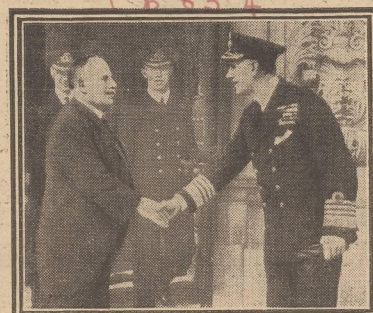
# BUST OF FAMOUS LABOUR LEADER.



Mr. Samuel Gompers, the American Labour leader, giving a sitting to Lieutenant Roslyn at the latter's studio at Kensington. The bust, a very striking piece of work, is nearing completion.



A Serbian girl helping the men to unload a cartload of wheat. and large consignments of wheat and other provisions are arriving at Belgrade.



NORTH TO SOUTH.—Admiral Sir Cecil Burney has left Rosyth to become Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. An official visit to the mayor.



VISITORS FROM INDIA.—The Maharajah and Ma'arancee of Cooch Behar, who have just arrived in London.



SIX AND EIGHTPENCE.—Miss Winifred Wilton, of Manitoba, who will become a solicitor as soon as the new Bill is law. She carried on her brother's practice when he enlisted.



A VISIT FROM THEIR PATRONESS.—The Queen leaving the Royal Female Orphans' Asylum at Beddington. The costumes worn by the girls of the institution were designed 161 years ago.



Lieut. Com. finger, who is America's finest attempt the acesplane.



PROPAGANDA CARTS.—These carts drive through the streets of Berlin scattering leaflets and pamphlets to counteract the Bolshevik movement. Judging by the news, they do little good.



FIVE HONOURS.—Sister Hamilton Adams, who nursed at Dunkirk, holds the R.R.C., the M.M., the 1914 Star, the highest Belgian honour and the South African Medal.



Instead, we are making a new quality brand—the one best to *Brito*—the utmost value for the maximum control at a price.

"Light house," the new brand, is made for the *Brito* public—two million housewives will prefer the next best—in place of

**BRITO MARGARINE**  
temporarily not  
available.

A CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is sure and certain in results: everybody's opportunity.—Full particulars of D. Clifton, 13 Broad St Hill, London, E.C. 4.



# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

## His Greeting.

Lord Gerald Wellesley's tiny son, clinging to the knee of Wellington's hand, waited half an hour to greet Queen Alexandra when she visited Apsley House to attend Mr. George Robey's bazaar. "Is vat ve Queen?" in a high-pitched little voice, were the first words she and Princess Victoria heard.

## G. R.'s Daughter.

The Duchess of Portland, with her very tall young son, Lord Francis Bentinck, was in charge of a magnificent stall of golden daffodils, shown against black velvet. Helping her was a pretty girl with a black lace hat. I learnt that it was Mr. Robey's daughter. The Duchess of Wellington was looking after her.

## The Guards' Rule.

Appropos my note of yesterday on the proposed restrictions on officers' marriages, a soldier friend reminds me that it is an inflexible rule in the Guards that any officer marrying an actress must send in his papers. You will all remember that a titled Guardsman who married a very popular actress some years ago came under this ban.

## Etonian's Wedding.

The Hon. George Lyttelton, assistant master at Eton and a Territorial officer, was married by Dr. Alington, the head master of Eton, to Miss Pamela Adeane yesterday at St. Peter's, Babraham. The bride's suite consisted of a page, Master John Guest, her sister and the bridegroom's sister.

## Unavoidable Absence.

Viscount and Viscountess Cobham were distressed that they were unavoidably prevented from being there, but the Lyttelton family turned up in force. Lord and Lady Glenconner have lent their place, Normanton, Wilts, for the honeymoon.



Mr. Fred Duprez, who is leaving "Soldier Boy" for his home in New York.

Miss Mary Merrall, in "Our Mr. Hepplewhite," at the Criterion.

ner have lent their place, Normanton, Wilts, for the honeymoon.

## Fines for Marriage.

Though it is officially discouraged, I believe that in some regular regiments the old system of fining an officer who vests still lingers. The rate was £100 for a second lieutenant, £75 for a lieutenant and £50 for a captain. The money went to the mess fund.

## The Reason.

And why not? When an officer marries and lives at home with his wife he naturally does not dine in mess as much as in his unattached days. Hence the compensation payable to the regimental chest.

## Rhine News.

I have just seen a copy to the *Cologne Post*, published on the Rhine by the Army of Occupation. It is very well edited and written, and the German compositors are to be congratulated on their typesetting. But Mr. Charles Cochran will note with regret that they spell his name with a "k" in the middle.

## Headlines.

The editorial staff evidently includes a sub-editor of genius. Here is one of his headline efforts: "More Berlin Blister. Please, Marshal Foch: Thank you, Marshal Foch."

## Hints to the Lato.

Some of the *Cologne Post's* "Don'ts for Opera-Goers" might be taken to heart in London. "Don't, if you're late, think you're unlucky to miss the overture. It's the people you disturb who are unlucky," is one of them.

## A New Coliseum.

One and a half tons of paint have been used in renovating the auditorium of the Coliseum, besides miles and miles of scaffolding and so on, so it is now quite nice and tidy. But the management cannot refrain from the old cliché, "an army of workmen," in sending me this information.

## M.P.'s Post-Bag.

Major Watts Morgan, the Rhondda miners' M.P., tells me he received at the House of Commons last week 1,012 letters. Yesterday there were seventy-four awaiting him; thirty-two came at the next distribution and eight at the last.

## The Struggle for Life.

How much, with correspondence like this, does an M.P. get out of his £400 a year when he has paid postages, fares, income tax and board and lodgings?

## After the Show.

Most of London's lighter stage seemed to be represented at an informal party which Mr. Billy Leonard and Miss Beatrice Lillie gave at the Apollo this week, when the curtain had fallen on "Oh, Joy." I saw most of the company from the Shaftesbury, the Kingsway and the Alhambra, in addition to the Apollo cast. And several friends in khaki and navy blue, too.

## Jazzing.

It was all very informal and jolly, and a most excellent and energetic band aided the dancing. But why a soulful person took me aside and discoursed spiritualism to me in the midst of the festivities I have not yet discovered.

## Jazzing Too Expensive.

Many girls say they find jazzing too expensive, and would be glad to go back to waltzing. Jazzing has a way of using up two-guinea pairs of shoes at a rate which only the most affluent can stand.

## A Beauty Number.

I hope you have already made sure of getting a copy of to-morrow's *Daily Mirror*. There is sure to be a record rush for the "Beauty Number," which will contain many pages of pictures of the lovely competitors for the prizes offered by this paper for the most beautiful women war workers. Besides the pictures, there will be interesting stories about the winners.

## Armoured Cars.

Commander Locker-Lampson tells me that he is going to give a lecture on his work with his armoured cars in Russia at Norfolk House, St. James's-square, to-day at five o'clock. Limelight views will illustrate his thrilling story.

## Summer Ballet.

We are not to lose the Russian Ballet altogether, after all. At the end of this month they—or it—will be seen at the Alhambra in the



Mrs. Herbert Lewis, wife of the Rt. Hon. Herbert Lewis, of the Education Board.

Lord Loyd, one of the great landowners who are selling some of their estates.

a summer season. A full evening's programme will be provided, three ballets being given.

## Steps to Match Hall-Door.

Some original-minded decorators have hit upon the plan of painting the steps to match the hall-door as a way out of the difficulty of keeping whitened steps white. There is no one to make them white now.

## For Portsmouth.

London loses an engaging personality in Mr. Alfred Beaumont, who has for many years acted as Mr. Bernard Hisshin's general manager. This week Mr. Beaumont took up his new duties as general manager of the Hippodrome at Portsmouth.

## 'Flu Sets Fashions.

The 'flu has set more than one fashion, but a very sensible one is the "dinner wrap," which I notice very much in evidence in the evenings. I saw the other night an especially effective short cape of ostrich feathers in turquoise blue.

THE RAMBLER.



Miss Renee Kelly, who will play the lead in "Fair and Warmer" on and after Monday.



New picture of Mrs. Dudley Ward, wife of the Vice-Chamberlain to the Household.

## PREMIER DELAYED.

When Officers May Marry—Retirement of a Well-Known House of Commons Figure.

I AM TOLD that those belonging to Mr. Lloyd George's entourage at Paris have not even begun to talk of coming back to London. This does not look like a return next week-end, as some people have foreshadowed. The Prime Minister has a difficult row to hoe.

## Bolshevist Atrocities.

A collection of reports received by the Government on Bolshevism in Russia has been laid on the table of the House of Commons, so probably they will be published soon. Some of them, I am told, are such horrible reading that the Government hesitated to make them public.

## Busy Ministry.

The Food Ministry's activities will make jolly reading if a record of it is ever printed. I hear of one tradesman who received no fewer than 1,603 salmon orders in twelve months.

## They Keep Away.

In the House of Commons smoking-rooms there is a good deal of comment on the fact that ex-Cabinet Ministers keep away from St. Stephen's. The only one I have ever seen haunting the precincts is Mr. John Burns.

## No Queues.

A Coalitionist Liberal facetiously suggested yesterday that a movement should be started to grant special facilities for ex-Cabinet Ministers to use the Strangers' Gallery, without having to line up in a queue.

## Irish Housing.

An undertaking has been given that a Housing Bill for Ireland shall go forward pari passu with the British Housing Bill.

## Money Resolutions.

Sir Donald Maclean's experience as Deputy Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons is standing him in good stead as leader of the Independent Liberals. His suggestion to send money resolutions to a committee upstairs was a case in point. These money resolutions are the only effective means of checking expenditure the House of Commons possesses.

## Good Wishes.

After the Easter recess the Press Gallery at the House of Commons will miss the familiar figure of Mr. J. H. Day, who has been a messenger there for the last twenty-eight years, and is now retiring. Some years ago he was given a silver snuffbox by grateful newspaper men.

## Recollections.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Day has many good stories to tell of the great House of Commons figures of the near past, such as Gladstone, Harcourt, W. H. Smith and Randolph Churchill. Ere he went to the comparative peace of the Press Gallery he fought in the Zulu war.

## The Industrial Conference.

Mr. Lloyd George will probably send a message to the National Joint Industrial Conference, which resumes to-day, to receive the unanimous report of the Committee, which will be presented by Sir T. Munro. Mr. Clynes will not be able to be there, but Mr. Arthur Henderson will, and Sir R. Horne presides.

## The Language of Courts.

For many years French has been the language of the Egyptian courts. The Commercial Committee of Parliament is approaching Lord Curzon and Mr. Harnsworth to ask that English be used instead in future.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON SELVEDGE

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From every point of view Tarantulle is the most satisfactory fabric for underwear. It is beautifully woven from the finest cotton the world produces, and it has no filling. Thus it washes perfectly—saves you that weekly disappointment from the wash. Grati-fies refined taste, appeals to the economical.

40 inches wide, in Three Weights, Standard, 2/9, Fine 3/3, Superfine 3/9 per yard.

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C198



# NOBODY'S LUV

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**URSULA LORRIMER**, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.  
**JAKE RATTRAY**, a man under medical sentence of death.  
**DORIS ST. CLAIRE**, formerly engaged to Jake.

## MR. MARCH IS TOLD.

"DIPHTHERIA!" Elsa echoed, agitated. "Oh, but I only saw her the day before yesterday, and she was quite well then—perfectly well. She came to tea with me. There was nothing in it, and I am sure of it."  
 "I only know what the doctor says." The elder woman was inclined to be offended. "He had Miss Lorrimer taken away almost immediately after he saw her. He said she was very ill indeed."

Elsa was dumbfounded. She remembered that Ursula had complained of a headache, but a headache was nothing. This was trouble upon trouble. Where was it going to end?  
 "I can give you her address, and I dare say if you call they will tell you any later news," her companion went on rather formally. "It has been a most unpleasant experience for us, I can assure you. We have never had such a thing happen before."

"And will it—of course, it won't hurt Miss Lorrimer's voice?" Elsa asked, a new fear springing to her mind. "I don't know much about illness or nursing, but it does sometimes affect one's throat seriously, doesn't it?"

"I really cannot say at all. I believe it is supposed to be a dangerous illness, but nowadays, with the best of skill and attention—"

"Yes, of course. Does Mr. March know? He is her uncle."

"Miss Lorrimer did not wish us to tell anyone. She refused to give me the address of any relative, though I begged her to do so."

"I think she only has this uncle. I know where he lives. I will write to him or call." She went on to explain the tragic coincidence that Jake and Ursula should both be so desperately ill at the same time. She wondered what the end of it all would be. She felt her own helplessness acutely. She went round to see Mr. March on Sunday.

"He listened to what she had to say with grim attention, then he shrugged his shoulders. "This is what comes of her wilfulness," he said rather tartly. "She had far better have stayed with me. I have no sympathy with this modern idea of independence." He looked at Elsa's pretty, concerned face, and added ingratiatingly: "And I am sure you agree with me, Mrs. Spicer."

Elsa laughed. She said that she supposed she did, but that she was not quite clear what he meant. She was not very prepossessed with Henry March. She had heard a little about him from Ursula.

"I thought you ought to be told that she is ill," she said. "There is no one else whom I can tell—as far as I know," she added.

"My niece," said Henry March, "is unfortunately without relatives. I should I say fortunately? As a matter of fact, she is my wife's niece, and has no claim on me at all, but I am obliged to you for letting me know. I will see that she is well looked after."

"I should like to have seen her," Elsa said, "but they will not let me. I am afraid."  
 Henry March replied in horror that he should think not. He turned to Elsa and said: "If Ursula had been lying at death's door, no power on earth would have been able to drag him from her bedside."

"I am sure your husband will not say such a thing," he said.

"My husband is away. I am sorry to say," Elsa answered sadly. "You knew Mr. Rattray, didn't you?"

"You mean the young man who has gone to Australia? I certainly did know him. My niece and I dined with him the night before he left England. Is he a friend of yours, too?"

"He is my husband's greatest friend; and only the day before yesterday he was a witness from Marseilles to say that he is very ill there, and had been taken ashore from the boat, so my husband has gone out to him."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that; but I always said he looked a delicate man. I always told my niece so." He smiled facetiously. "There was a time when I thought his attentions to Ursula were serious," he went on. "Fortunately I was wrong. It would have been a disastrous thing if she had married a man in such a bad state of health."

"I don't see that at all," Elsa answered calmly. "It is one thing to say that she has been ill. My husband tells me that she was perfectly well and strong before he went to France. Someone has got to look after the invalided men, you know, Mr. March."

"A very charming thought—most charming!" he answered. He thought he was making an impression on this pretty young woman. He also thought that her husband must be a fool to go racing across the Continent to the bedside of a man like Jake Rattray, when he might have stayed at home with this girl.

"You will go and see Ursula, then?" Elsa said anxiously, as she rose to go. "I do hope she is not very ill."

"She is quite strong and healthy," Mr. March answered. He was not at all concerned about his niece's illness. Women were always ailing, according to his way of thought. He had heard of Diphtheria! Any illness was the same to his callousness.

Elsa had to go away unsatisfied. Was there nobody else to whom she could go? she wondered? Surely Ursula was not so utterly without friends who disinterestedly cared for her! She wished with all her heart that John was at home; he could have advised her what to do. She went back to the flat hoping there would

be a wire from him, but there was nothing, and her anxiety deepened. Surely in two days she should have had some message? She passed a restless night, and was up early in the morning, but there was still nothing.

She did not know Mr. Simpson, but she rang him up at his office, and asked if he had any news for her. Simpson Junior's voice sounded anxious across the wire. He had hoped that she would have heard, he said; yes, he thought it was quite time a message arrived.

"Of course, there are delays, we know," he said. "But it is more than three days now. We must hope that no news is good news."

"Troubles always seem to come together," Elsa answered. "I suppose you have heard about Miss Lorrimer?"

"Miss Lorrimer?" A sharper note sounded in his voice. "No, I have heard nothing."

## THE END OF A DREAM.

ELSA told him of Ursula's illness. I am going to inquire about her again this morning. They won't let me see her, of course, and I shall not know what to do. Simpson Junior was anxious also.

"If it is not troubling you too much," he said, "I should be very glad if you will kindly let me know how she is."

"I shall be very glad to do so," she said. "I shall be in all the morning and afternoon," he answered.

Ursula was ill! He was surprised at the depths of his own anxiety. He had asked Elsa for her address, and he slipped out of the office for a moment and sent her a large box of roses. It was the first time he had ever sent flowers to a woman, and he smiled and sighed together at his own foolishness, realising that it could all lead—nowhere!

He could not work that day. Every time a step sounded on the stairs he might be Elsa. When at last she came he rose to meet her so eagerly that he was painfully aware of the surprise in her face. "Well, and how is she?" He drew a chair forward and sat down beside her. His heartbeats were rather uneven as he waited for her reply. Ursula had been a great deal in his thoughts since that drive down to Barnet.

"The doctor," he said, "told him. 'Of course, they would not let me see her, though I begged hard! I am afraid she is very ill.' The doctor has seen her twice to-day. They are very anxious to try and discover where she can have caught it. They asked me a great many questions as to where she had been, but of course I could not tell them anything."

"She drove into the country with me one day," Simpson Junior said quickly. "But I hardly think of it now. I have a vivid memory of what Ursula had told him of the child she had met on the road, and how that she had gone into one of the cottages."

"She said about it anxiously. 'She said the child was not well,' he admitted, 'but I hardly think it can have been anything serious. . . . They—they do not think that she is in any danger, I trust!'"

Elsa shook her head. There were tears in her eyes. "The nurse told me that she was delicious, and she said . . . Oh, Mr. Simpson," she broke off, "I am sure you know what Jake, that she . . ."

Simpson Junior flushed up to the thinning hair on his forehead. For an instant he could not answer, and Elsa, who was not a patient woman, began to fret. "I have found out so much during the two days since my husband went away, and now it makes me feel how blind I have been all along not to have guessed. I don't know if you know, or how much you know, but to me it's just as if I've been told little chapters of a story and been left to put them together. I know now why Mr. Rattray went abroad. It was because he thought he had not got long to live, wasn't it?"

"Do you think she would have been afraid?" he said to him, and I begged him to have further advice, and he would not."

Elsa looked at him with scornful eyes. "I suppose you advised him to go, too? You and my husband—between you—to go and leave Ursula behind—to let her break her heart . . ."

"Mrs. Spicer, I beg of you—"

"It's no use trying to stop me," Elsa went on. "If I did know half what I know now I should never have gone at all! I sometimes think men haven't got any sense! Do you think she would have minded if he was with her? Do you think she would have been afraid to face it with him? I know she would not, unless she is very different from what I think she is."

Simpson Junior did not know how to answer. He had never had such an attack made upon him by a woman before. After a moment he said, hopelessly, that it was impossible for him to attempt to interfere in such a matter.

"Captain Rattray would never have listened to me for a moment."

"But you knew! You must have known!" she accused him.

Mr. Simpson smiled rather sadly. "I have eyes," he said. "I suppose I can see as far as the average man."

"And you knew that it was Jake who gave her that thousand pounds," she went on. "Oh! I've only just found that out myself. I've been blind—why didn't I guess?"

Mr. Simpson looked seriously disturbed. "I understood that that transaction was a secret," he said indignantly. "I understood that only your husband and myself knew about it."

"Then one of you must have told somebody else," Elsa declared, "because I heard it from a friend of my husband's, and he said that a great many people knew about it."

"I hardly think such a thing is possible," she gave an impatient gesture. "Oh! what does it matter? What does anything matter now both of them are so ill . . ."

## By RUBY M. AYRES



Ursula Lorrimer.

"We must not lose hope."

But there was not much hope in the heart of Simpson Junior. Elsa had only confirmed the suspicion that had all along been his own, that there was something more than a mere friendship between him and Ursula.

When she had gone he looked round his bare office with a sigh. It was not often he allowed himself the luxury of a dream, but he knew as he turned again to his work—so unusually dry and uninteresting it seemed to-day—that he had just awakened from one which had been very sweet, though so short-lived!

## THE TELEGRAM.

WHEN Elsa called next day at the nursing home to which Ursula had been taken she was told that Ursula was not so well.

"You asked me to be quite frank with you," the nurse said as she saw the fear in Elsa's pretty eyes.

"Oh, yes, please!"

"The doctor said this morning that he was not at all satisfied. He asked me if Miss Lorrimer had no relations who should be consulted."

She has an uncle—he knows she is here. Surely, you have been to see her, or at least to inquire?"

"Nobody has called but yourself and a Mr. Simpson."

Elsa's face flamed indignantly. To be so utterly friendless! It seemed the saddest of all the many factors in the case.

"You don't—you don't mean that you think she will die?" she asked fearfully.

But she got no comforting assurance, only the old formal adage that while there was life there was hope!

"If only my husband were here," Elsa said in anguish, "there was so little she could do."

The nurse looked at her and seemed to hesitate, then she said deprecatingly: "Sometimes—in her delirium, Miss Lorrimer calls for someone—a queer little name."

"What name?" Elsa asked. "I think it is; I wondered if perhaps, if I told you—you would be able to tell me who it is, and if you could send for him?"

"The tears were falling down Elsa's cheeks. 'He's away. Very ill—in Marseilles,' she said brokenly. 'My husband has gone out to him . . . I don't even know if he is alive or dead . . . Oh, how dreadful it all is! How terrible!'"

"We must hope for the best."

The same old adage, while hearts were breaking, and those who longed to help were bound to look on—helplessly!

On her way home Elsa called again on Henry March. When she left him he had entirely changed his opinion of her. He no longer considered her a charming woman—the afterwards described her as a perfect vixen!

"The way that woman went for me!" he protested indignantly. "And such a little bit of a thing, too!"

But Elsa was thoroughly roused. She told him plainly that if his niece died the fault would lie at his door.

"You've done nothing for her—nothing!" she accused him passionately. "She must have been the best of doctors in London. She must have everything she wants. Oh, if I were only a man instead of a helpless woman!"

"Nothing very helpless about you, my dear lady," Henry March answered grimly; but he was frightened in spite of his gruffness.

Elsa had been hurt, but to me it's just as if I've been told little chapters of a story and been left to put them together. I know now why Mr. Rattray went abroad. It was because he thought he had not got long to live, wasn't it?"

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LOOK ahead and picture your little girl at ten years old—fourteen!—eighteen!—twenty-one!

Her future is in your hands. Think how happy you would be to have money enough to give her the best of everything as she grows up—to give her the best possible start in life. Good education—good clothes—happy holidays—an allowance, perhaps, when she marries.

Money saved now and invested in Savings Certificates will grow and grow just as your little girl does.

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'Wincarnis' possesses a fourfold power in creating the new health you need. Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood maker and a Nerve Food—all in one. Thus it gives new strength to the Weak, new blood to the Anaemic, new nerve force to the 'Nervy,' and new vitality to the Run-down. That is why Over 10,000 Doctors recommend

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**Foster Clark's Cream Custard**

The Creamiest and most economical Custard obtainable, delicious flavour, absolutely pure, and most nourishing.

The Cream of All Custards.



TO-DAY'S RECIPE.

REPLACE MEAT WITH OMELETTES.

Making an omelette is as easy as roasting a joint once you know how. Try this recipe:

SAVOURY OMELETTES.

Half oz. Brown & Polson's Corn Flour, salt, pepper and Four. Half teaspoon milk. 2 eggs. Half oz. lard.

Mix Corn Flour to a smooth cream with a little milk, bring the remainder to the boil pour in the Corn Flour, boil for 5 minutes, stirring, allow to cool. Separate egg yolks from whites and beat them in basin; add seasonings and the cooked Corn Flour, beating well. Beat egg whites to a stiff froth, with pinch of salt, and add to mixture.

Heat the lard in omelette pan and pour in omelette. Shake the pan gently over the fire till the underside is nicely browned, then hold in front of the fire till the top is brown. Fold over and serve on hot plate at once.

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

makes eggs and milk go further.

Cash Prices:

Pound - - 10½d.  
Half Pound - 5½d.  
Quarter Pound 3d.



If you appreciate the exquisite daintiness of colored-border Lissues see the all-white Lissues—they offer the same exquisite fineness and wear-economy. Examine the beautiful range at your draper's.

LISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS

Dainty White and Fashionable Border Colors.

9D. each per dozen 9/-

TOTAL BROADBENT LEE CO. LTD. Manufacturers of Trust Guaranteed Fabrics.

WON'T DAD BE PLEASED

when he hears that

CLARNICO CHOCOLATE

LILY CARAMELS

are being made again—though slowly!



ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.—A big procession was organised, and some of the inscriptions on the banners were not complimentary to England.

FAIRY GODMOTHER OF SLOANE STREET.

Providing All Children with Happy Homes.

SOME QUAIN REQUESTS.

A real fairy godmother, whose sole ambition is to gratify the chief wish of all children—a happy home—has just opened up her London office at No. 14, Sloane-street, S.W.

She was very busy arranging happiness when *The Daily Mirror* called. (The fairy godmother's real name is Mrs. M. E. England and her business is called the "National Children Adoption Association.") A tiny baby girl, with pathetic blue eyes, was being interviewed.

Her father was a soldier who had gone to France and would never come back; her mother had so many other children that she wouldn't be missed the slightest bit.

The fairy godmother took her up in her arms. "I think somebody is sure to adopt you," she said. "Let me see, you are just five—a most popular age. Your character is good. Yes, cast again next week, and I'll arrange things for you."

THE BABY SMILED.

The baby, accompanied by a young girl, went out smiling.

There were more callers. A pretty woman over thirty years of age, wearing very nice furs, rather diffidently explained that she also had a great wish. She had been married several years but had no children.

Did she know of a baby boy who would like a really nice home? He would go to a public school eventually and one day be quite well off.

The fairy godmother smilingly looked through her ledgers. "Of course, it can be arranged," she said. "Do you like dark or fair hair, blue eyes, brown eyes?"

'CURLY HAIR, SMALL EARS.'

Quaint Requests from Women Who Want to Adopt the Children.

Mrs. England explained to *The Daily Mirror* the system by which this novel institution has proved such a success.

All interviews and correspondence are, of course, strictly confidential. The mother or guardian of the baby to be adopted has to fill up a form containing over thirty questions, giving all particulars of the infant.

Most of the questions relate to the child's health. When this form is satisfactorily filled up, and a photograph attached, an appointment is made and the baby brought before a committee of ladies.

If the committee approves, the boy or girl is finally passed fit for adoption.

She often gets very quaint requests. One woman explained that she would like a boy, "but," she wrote, "he must have brown, curly hair and small ears close to his head."

Another writer asked for "a Spanish baby," adding that, failing this, "an Italian one would do."

"The majority of people ask for girls," said Mrs. England. "Fair hair and blue eyes are easily the most popular form of coloring."

The president of the National Children Adoption Association is Lady Northcote. Funds are urgently needed for carrying on the work. Subscriptions should be sent to the joint hon. treasurers, Lieutenant-Colonel Alan H. Burgoine, M.P., and Mr. F. O. Rybol, at the association's offices.

SCOOTER FOR CHILD.

The child's scooter, a picture of which appeared in *The Daily Mirror* on Tuesday, is the invention of Mrs. D. E. Alexander, of Harrow.

SIR HEDLEY LE BAS' HEATED OUTBURSTS.

"It Is a Foul and Monstrous Charge."

LIBEL SUIT DENIALS.

Sir Hedley le Bas gave further evidence before Mr. Justice Darling yesterday in his libel action against the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.

The matter complained of appeared in *The Daily Mail* in May, 1918, and is alleged by the plaintiff, who is publisher and proprietor of the Westminster News Agency, to have meant that Sir Hedley le Bas was posing as a supporter of the Prime Minister he was attempting by secret and underhand means to undermine his position in the country and to oust him from office; that he was deliberately trying to corrupt the Press and destroy the public, and that by his conduct he was assisting the King's enemies.

Mr. Rigby: The disaster to the 5th Army destroyed his faith in the Prime Minister, especially when he blamed the soldiers for it.

"COUNTRY IN DANGER."

Answering a further question, plaintiff said: "After the defeat of the 5th Army I did not care a rap about the Westminster Agency or anything else when our country was in danger, and Sir Douglas Haig said that our Army was fighting with their backs to the wall."

Witness heatedly declared that it was a foul and monstrous charge to bring against any man that he was circulating an anonymous article against Mr. Lloyd George.

Witness said he should have thought the Austrian people, instead of being anxious to get rid of Mr. Lloyd George in 1918, would have been quite happy to keep in power the man who dismissed Sir William Robertson and Lord Jellicoe.

The British generals and the British soldiers had changed the Austrian minds, and not the politicians. They went to war. The politicians never went to war.

Counsel: Sir Hedley le Bas did his best to stop them.

Witness: I did my best to stop the politicians winning the war. I did my best to help my country to win the war.

Witness agreed that in May, 1918, he should have been very glad to get the overthrow of Mr. Lloyd George. He supposed the Vienna papers would have been glad of a political crisis in this country once a week.

"NOT PLAYING HUNS' GAME."

Mr. Swift: Is it unfair to say that you were playing the same game?

Witness (warmly): It is unfair to say I was playing the enemy game. It is a monstrous and foul lie.

"According to *The Daily Mail*," remarked witness, "I was worse than Sir Roger Casement, who was hanged as a traitor."

Answering another question, witness said he was hoping one day Mr. Lloyd George would return to the fold like a prodigal son. "We will then kill the fatted calf," he added, amid laughter.

Mr. Swift: I should think if Mr. Lloyd George reads this he will think it a pressing invitation to return to the Asquithian fold. (Laughter.) Plaintiff's case was closed and Mr. Rigby, K.C., opening the defense, said that to say plaintiff was justified in doing what he did because there appeared in newspapers a column like Charles B. Cochran's courier seemed to be the height of the ridiculous. Nobody would take such a column as anything but an advertisement.

They were discussing the right to publish in local papers throughout the country political propaganda which was in reality the paid propaganda of Sir Hedley le Bas and making it look to the reader of the paper as though the articles were contributed to and paid for by the paper in the ordinary way. He would ask the jury to say that the comments of *The Daily Mail* were absolutely justified.

Mr. Horace Leonard, of *The Daily Mail*, having given evidence, the hearing was adjourned.



Keeping Home Fresh and Sweet

Spotless and bright as the quaint Dutch homes across the water, you are constantly striving to keep your home in this less favourable atmosphere.

Simple little devices bring charming results and much reduce the labour of home-keeping: the adoption of cream for instance in place of white. Just try cream on the hangings and mats of one room and see how much more attractive and restful that room becomes—and how much longer it keeps fresh.

Just a whisk of Dolly Cream in the rinsing water and you can get exactly the tone you want for the curtains and covers of every room, from the palest ivory to rich cream.

DOLLY CREAM

For Curtains and other things.

Can be used with or without starch.

Dolly Cream can be made to dissolve quickly by using in very hot water.

Dolly Cream—the Cream with the Stick—sold by Oilmen, Chemists, Sweets and Grocers every where at 1d. If you hear of more being charged let us know, and we will have the dealer's supply cut off.

Write for instruction leaflet "Making the best of your Curtains"—It's yours for a p.c to

SOLE MAKERS:

Wm. Edge & Sons, Ltd., BOLTON, LANCs.

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The Overseas Daily Mirror.

The Picture Paper with All the News.

Soldiers, before returning, should send in a Subscription for the Overseas Edition of the Daily Mirror to the Manager, Overseas Daily Mirror, 23-29, Bouverie St., London.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE.

6 Months, post free to Canada ... 16/0  
To all other parts of the World ... 20/0







## ALBUM OF BRITAIN'S LOVELIEST WOMEN.

To-morrow's Enlarged Issue of "Daily Mirror."

### WINNERS' LIFE STORIES.

To-morrow's issue of *The Daily Mirror* will be a wonderful "Album of Beauty."

To commemorate the conclusion of our great beauty competition, in which over 50,000 women took part, we publish to-morrow morning our striking tribute to the beauty of Britain's womanhood that has dared so much, sacrificed so much and endured so much throughout the prolonged agony of war.

Never in the history of pictorial journalism has such a gallery of beautiful women's portraits been published in a single paper as will be found in the special enlarged issue of to-morrow's *Daily Mirror*.

Apart from the amazing collection of captivating photographs, life snapshots and characteristic groups, as well as the finest studio studies that can be procured by the art of the camera, there will be a mass of novel and interesting material for the reader.

Almost everybody in the country (at least all who retain a spark of romance in their composition) wishes to know the life story of Britain's most beautiful woman worker. This is told in detail in *The Daily Mirror* to-morrow.

### THE WINNING QUARTET.

Interesting Interviews with the Four Principal Prize-Winners.

There are also stories and interviews with the four principal prize-winners in the competition, which attracted over 50,000 entrants.

We shall see Beauty in the home. We shall know of some of the adventures which Beauty has encountered in the war, and we shall learn what Beauty has resolved to do with the prize offerings that Fortune has bestowed upon her.

In the past *The Daily Mirror* has dedicated special issues of the paper to great achievements of science and adventure, such as the ever-famous Scott and Shackleton expedition numbers; to the pageantry of contemporaneous history, such as the gorgeous Royal Durbar number; whilst for the past four years this journal has been a daily panorama illustrating every heart-beat of the great war.

It is already certain that there will be a record demand for *The Daily Mirror* Special Beauty Number.

Readers are therefore urged to place their orders immediately with their newsagents in order to avoid disappointment.

### AMERICAN "AIR HERO."

Major's Sister Gives Evidence at Court-Martial.

Captain Edmund G. Chamberlain, United States Marine Corps, who is charged with fabricating reports concerning his exploits in the air during an unofficial visit to the British line last July, again appeared at a court-martial held at the United States Navy Headquarters in London yesterday.

At yesterday's hearing Miss Vancouver stated that her brother, Major Aubrey Maurice Vancouver, died in Italy on July 12, 1918. She testified that the signature attached to the report was not in the handwriting of her brother.

After a brief sitting, the court adjourned until 2.30 to-day, in order that a handwriting expert might be called.

Interviewed by *The Daily Mirror* at the conclusion, Captain Chamberlain expressed concern at a statement in the Press that he was engaged to the daughter of a very prominent man in America.

The young lady would certainly deny such an erroneous report, he is reported. "She is only a casual acquaintance of mine."

### BUTTERFLY BORROWINGS.

Application by Mr. Joicey to Take Case to Appeal Court.

"People who are foolish always think they are wise; that is one of the signs of their folly," said Mr. Justice Darling yesterday, when Mr. Wallington, on behalf of Mr. James John Joicey, the defendant in an action by Messrs. Jacobs Brothers, moneylenders, Duke-street, W., which was tried by his lordship on Saturday last, applied for a stay of execution, remarking that Mr. Joicey was anxious to take the case to the Court of Appeal.

The defendant, who was a man of considerable wealth and had spent large sums on a collection of butterflies, which was said to be second only in value to that of Lord Rothschild, borrowed £250 from the plaintiffs. The principal had been paid, but the plaintiff refused to pay the interest claimed, which was said to work out at 300 per cent. The Judge reduced the interest to 100 per cent.

Mr. Joicey thought 100 per cent. too much, said Mr. Wallington, in reply to Mr. Justice Darling, who, in refusing the application, said Mr. Joicey did not think like ordinary grown-up people.

## MAN OF COLOUR.

Wife Denies That She Threw a Joint at Her Husband.

### STRANGE COUNTER-CHARGES.

A curious story was told in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mr. Justice Coleridge heard the petition of Mrs. Agnes Violet Harry, asking for the dissolution of her marriage on the ground of the alleged cruelty and misconduct of her husband, Norman A. Harry.

Mr. Harry said there was a collusive arrangement between him, his wife and her solicitor for him (respondent) to commit one act of misconduct. This was denied.

Mr. Vachell, K.C., said Harry, a man of colour, was born in Jamaica. He was an architect and surveyor, and had lived in this country for a considerable period.

In January, 1915, the wife found that he had been out with some woman, and when she complained he assaulted her.

In April, 1915, there was another scene when petitioner found he had been entertaining a girl at their flat, and he knocked her down.

Subsequently some correspondence between the husband and several women couched in affectionate terms was found.

Mrs. Harry in her evidence said there was no truth in her husband's allegation that he had had to complain of her conduct with other men.

She never threw a joint at her husband or bit a piece out of his elbow. It was not true she was constantly pressing her husband to furnish her with evidence of his misconduct.

Mr. Harry said that his wife had assaulted him, pulled him out of bed and bit a piece out of his elbow. She also threw a joint of meat at him. It was not true that he threatened to cut his wife's throat with a razor.

In 1917 his wife told him that she wanted a divorce, and would pay the costs provided he (witness) gave her the necessary evidence. She pressed him to do this, otherwise she "would poison me."

### THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Marconis Active—Chartered's Weak—Shell Deal Confirmed.

From Our City Editor.

Markets were again slack to-day, but with good features. War Loan further improved to 95 11-16, closing 95 1/2. French Loans were harder.

Movements in the shares concerned suggest that the report that Baldwin-Guest Keen-Elton-ester Wagon combine negotiations are again "on" is well founded.

Dorman Longs 31s. 6d., Armstrongs 39s., Lamberts 2s. 11, all improved to-day. Breweries were hard, Allsops 52s. and Seager Evans 6s. 8 features. Maypole Deferreds dull, 20s. sellers. Drury Lane weak, 26s.

Marconi shares continued active. Marines further advanced to 48 bid. The parent's shares were at 125-16 bid, Canadians 16s. 11, Americans 29s. 9d. Weisbachs were favoured, 31 bid. Sudan Plantations attained new record, 61-16. Nigers were good, 57s. 6d.

Chartered's were very weak, 19s. 10 1/2d., on yesterday's Parliamentary statement that "whole question" of company's £10,000,000 claim is now under consideration. J. Santa Gertrudis were strong, 24s. 3d. Colonial Sugar Company, 50s. 9d. Rand shares were the merest fractions easier on the latest labour developments.

In oils Assams were strong, 2 5-16. Trinidad Leaseholds were 58s. Otherwise this market was rather dull. The Shell-Mexican Eagle deal is now officially confirmed, and, as usual, the market is inclined to ease after the event.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Workmen J.P.s.—Three railway signalmen have been made magistrates for Huntingdonshire.

Mersey Docks.—Mr. Thomas Rome was yesterday elected chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.

Topped the Century.—John Cussena, who has died at Limerick, aged 105, was hale and hearty to within a few days of his death.

Killed by Motor-Car.—Rev. J. Henderson, assistant of St. Margaret's Parish Church, Millington, has been killed in a motor-car accident.

"Electric power should be generated upon a national system," says the chairman of the Advisory Council of the Ministry of Reconstruction.

Estate of Four and a Half Millions.—The estate of the late Lord Glenartney amounted to £4,642,263, on which duty amounting to £865,399 has been paid.

Poles' Need.—Underclothing and boots, says Sir Esme Howard, are needed in Poland. Subscriptions may be sent to the Polish Relief Fund, 23a, Regent-street, S.W. 1.

Scarborough Presentation.—Mrs. Morton, matron of the Military Hospital at Scarborough, was yesterday presented by Brigadier-General Lovatt, with the Royal Red Cross.

### RUTHERFORD TRIAL FIXED.

On the application of Sir Archibald Bodkin, at the Central Criminal Court yesterday, Mr. Justice Salter fixed the trial of Captain Norman Cecil Rutherford, who is charged with the murder of Major Miles Seton, for Monday next, subject to any part-heard case.

Buy Next Sunday's

## SUNDAY PICTORIAL

and read the following powerful articles—

MORE WORK AND—MORE PLAY.



By  
Horatio Bottomley, M.P.  
(Editor of "John Bull.")

BRITAIN TEN YEARS HENCE

By W. L. GEORGE  
(the well-known novelist).

THE IDEAL HUSBAND AS I SEE HIM

By One of "The Daily Mirror" Queens of Beauty.

### Amazing Circulation Record of the "Sunday Pictorial."

|                       |           |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| Feb. 9                | 2,287,232 |
| Feb. 23               | 2,292,229 |
| Mar. 2                | 2,308,571 |
| Mar. 9                | 2,322,497 |
| Mar. 16               | 2,336,732 |
| Mar. 23               | 2,346,808 |
| Mar. 30 (Last Sunday) | 2,356,662 |

In each case the figures are exclusive of complimentary, free and voucher copies.

## SUNDAY PICTORIAL

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

REAL cycling weather, the bicycle running sweet and true, its Dunlop tyres giving added enjoyment to each mile—the cyclist has come into his kingdom once again.

### DUNLOP TYRES

are built with such a margin of strength that they resist road-troubles, wear very slowly and give the maximum resiliency all through their long lives.

*Dunlop*

### Jimmy Wilde Tells What to do For Foot Tortures.

World's Champion Boxer says simply rest feet in salted water, then bid corns and other foot troubles good-bye for ever.



*Jimmy Wilde*

I have known of serious cases where users hardly recognized either the feel or the appearance of their own feet the first time they treated them this way, and I am never without a supply of the saltpetres compound at my training camp.

For Liver Disorders use Alkies Saltpetres.—Adv.



### Clear Your Scalp and Skin With Cuticura

After shaving and before bathing touch dandruff and itching, pimples and blackheads with Cuticura Ointment. Wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap best applied with the hands. One Soap for all uses, shaving, shampooing, bathing.

Soap is Ointment is 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. For thirty-two page skin booklet address: E. Neuberg & Sons, Ltd., 41, Charterhouse St., London. Also for mail orders with price.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



# Daily Mirror

Friday, April 4, 1919.

## TRIBUTE TO A NURSE.



Mrs. Duka (left), of the Mons Hospital, Hampstead, who has done splendid work for the wounded, was decorated with the R.R.C. by the King at yesterday's Investiture. On leaving the Palace she was presented with a bouquet. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

## THE PRINCE OF WALES PAYS A VISIT TO "THE BY-WAYS."



Like his mother, the Prince of Wales has taken himself to the byways. He did not select Bethnal Green, however, as her Majesty did, but to the notorious Tabard-street area, in South-East London. The photograph shows him being followed by a crowd of children, who were tremendously excited.



A BUSY TRIO.—Lord Angus Kennedy, (centre figure) has opened a scientific welder's business in Pentonville-road, N. He has been demobilised from the R.A.F., and only employs ex-soldiers.



VIOLINIST'S DEATH.—Miss Mary Law, who has died of pneumonia supervening on influenza. She was only twenty-eight years of age.



W.R.A.F.s PLAY HOCKEY.—A tussle in the match between Wormwood Scrubs and Uxbridge. The latter won. Both teams were composed of six W.R.A.F.s and five R.A.F. men.

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"Daily Mirror"  
SPECIAL  
BEAUTY  
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Out To-morrow.

20 Pages

ORDER TO-DAY.



LABOUR AND THE LEAGUE.—Mr. Will Thorne, M.P. (smoking pipe), was at the conference held by the Trade Union Congress.



WILL NEVER SUBMERGE AGAIN.—The German submarine U-9, which was sunk off Dover, has been raised and towed into harbour.